

Enter Richard.

Rich. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.  
 Cates. Withdraw my Lord, He helpe you to a Horse.  
 Rich. Slaue, I haue set my life vpon a cast,  
 And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:  
 I thinke there be fixe Richmonds in the field,  
 Finchaue I slaine to day, in stead of him.  
 A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.

Alarums. Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard  
 is slaine.

Retreat, and Flouriſh. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the  
 Crowne, with diuers other Lords.

Richm. God, and your Armes  
 Be prais'd Victorious Friends;  
 The day is ours, the bloody Dogge is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond,  
 Well hast thou acquit thee: Loe,  
 Heere these long vsurped Royalties,  
 From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,  
 Haue I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.  
 Weare it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of Heauen, say Amen to all.  
 But tell me, is yong George Stanley liuing?

Der. He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,  
 Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs.

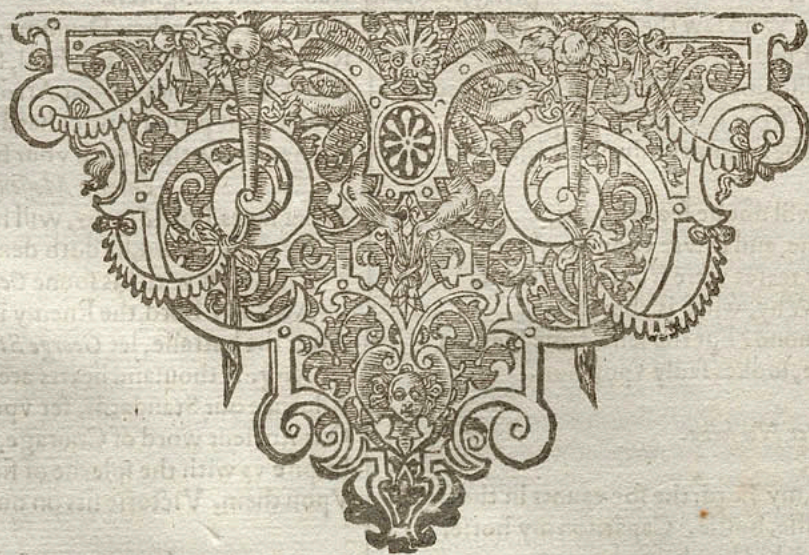
Richm. What men of name are slaine on either side?

Der. Iohn Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferris,  
 Sir Robert Brokenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Interre their Bodies, as become their Birth,  
 Proclaime a pardon to the Soldiers fled,  
 That in submission will returne to vs,  
 And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,  
 We will vnite the White Rose, and the Red.  
 Smile Heauen vpon this faire Coniunction,  
 That long haue frown'd vpon their Enmity:  
 What Traitor heares me, and sayes nor Amen?  
 England hath long bene mad, and scarr'd her selfe;  
 The Brother blindly shed the Brothers blood;  
 The Father, rashly slaughtered his owne Sonnes;  
 The Sonne compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire;  
 All this diuided Yorke and Lancaster,  
 Diuided, in their dire Diuision.

O now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,  
 The true Succeeders of each Royall House,  
 By Gods faire ordinance, conioyne together:  
 And let thy Heires (God if thy will be so)  
 Enrich the time to come, with Smoothe-fac'd Peace,  
 With smiling Plenty, and faire Prosperous dayes.  
 Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,  
 That would reduce these bloody dayes againe,  
 And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood;  
 Let them not lue to taste this Lands increafe,  
 That would with Treason, wound this faire Lands peace.  
 Now Ciuill wounds are stopp'd, Peace liues agen;  
 That she may long liue heere, God say, Amen. Exeunt.

FINIS.



# The Famous History of the Life of King HENRY the Eighth.

## THE PROLOGUE.

Come no more to make you laugh, Things now,  
 That beare a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,  
 Sad, high, and working, full of State and woe:  
 Such Noble Scenes, as draw the Eye to flow  
 We now present. Those that can Pity, heere  
 May (if they thinke it well) let fall a Teare,  
 The Subject will deserue it. Such as gine  
 Their Money out of hope they may beleue,  
 May heere finde Truth too. Those that come to see  
 Onely a show or two, and so a gree,  
 The Play may passe: if they be still, and willing,  
 He undertake may see away their shilling  
 Richly in two short houres. Onely they  
 That come to heare a Merry, Bawdy Play,  
 A noyse of Targets: Or to see a Fellow  
 In a long Motley Coate, garad with Tellow,

Will be decey'd. For gentle Hearers, know  
 To ranke our chosen Truth with such a show  
 As Foole, and Fight is, beside forfetting  
 Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we bring  
 To make that onely true, we now intend,  
 Will leane vs neuer an vnderstanding Friend.  
 Therefore, for Goodnesse sake, and as you are knowne  
 The First and Happiest Hearers of the Towne,  
 Be sad, as we would make ye. Thinke ye see  
 The very Persons of our Noble Story,  
 As they were Liuing: Thinke you see them Great,  
 And follow'd with the generall throng, and sweat  
 Of thousand Friends: Then, in a moment, see  
 How soone this Mightinesse, meets Misery:  
 And if you can be merry then, He say,  
 A Man may weepe vpon his Wedding day.

## Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one doore. At the other,  
 the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord  
 Aburghenny.

Buckingham.

Good morrow, and well met. How haue ye done  
 Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thanke your Grace:  
 Healthfull, and euer since a fresh Admirer  
 Of what I saw there.

Buck. An vntimely Ague  
 Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when  
 Those Sunnes of Glory, those two Lights of Men  
 Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. Twixt Guynes and Arde,  
 I was then present, saw them salute on Horsebacke,  
 Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung  
 In their Embrace, as they grew together,  
 Which had they,  
 What foure Thron'd ones could haue weigh'd  
 Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time  
 I was my Chambers Prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost  
 The view of earthly glory: Men might say  
 Till this time Pompe was single, but now married  
 To one aboue it selfe. Each following day  
 Became the next dayes master, till the last  
 Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,  
 All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods  
 Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they  
 Made Britaine, India: Euery man that stood,  
 Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were  
 As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,  
 Not vs'd to toyle, did almost sweat to beare  
 The Pride vpon them, that their very labour  
 Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske  
 Was cry'de incompareable; and th'ensuing night  
 Made it a Foole, and Begger. The two Kings  
 Equall in lustre, were now best, now worst  
 As presence did present them: Him in eye,  
 Still him in praise, and being present both,  
 'Twas said they saw but one, and no Discerner  
 Durst wagge his Tongue in censure, when these Sunnes  
 (For so they phrase 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd  
 The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe

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Beyond